The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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LINES.

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING SOME BEAUTIFUL SINGING IN A CONVENT CHURCH AT ROME.

Sweet voices! seldom mortal ear
Strains of such potency might hear;
My soul that listened, seemed quite gone,
Dissolved in sweetness, and anon
I was borne upward, till I trod
Among the hierarchy of God.
And when they ceased, as time must bring
An end to every sweetest thing,
With what reluctancy came back
My spirits to their wonted track,
And how I loathed the common life—
The daily and recurring strife
With petty sins, the lowly road,
And being's ordinary load!
—Why, after such a solemn mood,
Should any meaner thought intrude?
Why will not heaven hereafter give,
That we forevermore may live
Thus at our spirit's topmost bent?
So asked I in my discontent.

But give me, Lord, a wiser heart;
These seasons come and they depart—
These seasons, and those higher still,
When we are given to have our fill
Of strength and life, and joy with thee,
And brightness of thy face to see!
They come, or we could never guess
Of heaven's sublimer blessedness;
They come, to be our strength and cheer
In other times, in doubt or fear,
Or should our solitary way
Lie through the desert many a day.
They go—they leave us blank and dead,
That we may learn, when they are fled,
We are but vapors which have won
A moment's brightness from the sun,
And which it may at pleasure fill
With splendor, or unclothe at will.
Well for us they do not abide,
Or we should lose ourselves in pride,
And be as angels—but as they
Who on the battlements of day
Walked, gazing on their power and might,
Till they grew giddy in their height.

Then welcome every nobler time,
When out of reach of earth's dull chime
'Tis ours to drink with purged ears
The music of the solemn spheres,
Or in the desert to have sight
Of those enchanted cities bright,
Which sensual eye can never see:
Thrice welcome may such seasons be;
But welcome, too, the common way,
The lowly duties of the day,
And all which makes and keeps us low,
Which teaches us ourselves to know,
That we who for our lineage high,
Draw from beyond the starry sky,
Are yet upon the other side—
To earth and to its dust allied.

—*Trench.*

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF LIFE.

"*It is good for us to be here.*"—MARK ix. 5.

There are hours when we rise to a higher mood of conviction, feeling, purpose; and in such hours nature is transfigured, life is transfigured, work is transfigured, sorrows and joys, pains and pleasures, all things around and within, are glorified and seem more noble in the illumination of the soul itself. And the memory of such moments remains with us, to cheer and sustain us in

darker hours, and to keep up our faith in goodness and in God.

There are hours in life in which nature is transfigured—when we seem to see the soul in nature. In moments of depression, when the heart is cold and dead, the outward world seems cold and dead, also. But the soul which is filled with faith and hope and love fills all outward objects with the same joy. So Saint Francis went out to pray in company with the birds. So Saint Bonaventura describes the rapture of devotion as influencing the body, and making us wish to embrace every creature of God. So Socrates, sitting under the plane tree near the Ilissus, says, "I seem, O Phaedrus, to be borne away by a divine impression coming from this lovely place, for the place where we sit seems also divine." Socrates, therefore, and the mediæval saints, had the same experience which Wordsworth expresses when he speaks of

"That blessed mood
In which the burden of the mystery
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened—that serene and blessed mood
In which, the breath of this corporeal frame
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body and become a living soul,
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

Nature grows alive with the life of the soul. The romantic view of nature expressed by the great modern poets, in which it is all alive, comes from the Christian spirit in modern thought. The ancients knew very little of it. George Fox, the Quaker, says that, when he was first converted to faith in the divine love, and went out into the fields, the whole world around him glowed with new life. The skies were full of a divine presence. The air breathed a divine love. The birds in their songs seemed to say, "Let us praise God." The same spirit in the Hebrew Psalms calls on the hills to clap their hands, and the waters above and below to be thankful. So is nature transfigured by the soul, and grows full of life.

In such hours nature is transfigured. Then we see God in nature, and our heart drinks peace from sky and land. An ineffable beauty seems spread over the scene, and we wist not what to say, for language cannot utter it. There are some spring and October days which are like a concert or oratorio, when earth, air, trees, sunshine, blue sky, grass, are all in the same happy mood, all in tune together, no discord to jar the full harmony. In such days the earth becomes a Bible, the rocky strata its Book of Genesis, the singing of the birds its Book of Psalms, the air full of sunlight and fragrance its Gospels, and the changing lights, the advancing hours, its Book of Revelation, showing to us how God is all in all.

Sorrow is also transfigured by the soul. What pang so sharp, what anguish so terrible, that has not been borne by martyrs with content and a face sweetened with smiles? Why do we like to see a tragedy on the stage but that in it sorrow is transfigured by poetry and wisdom, and so deprived of its sting? I heard Washington Allston once describe Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neill as he heard each in the part of Belvidera. He said that to listen to Miss O'Neill was like being in a mad-house and hearing the shrieks of the insane; but that in the acting of Mrs. Siddons the madness was transfigured and touched with a plaintive beauty, and so idealized that its pathos went to the very depths of the heart. Faith in God, seeing his great hand in events, does for our anguish what this consummate actress did in the play. Faith in God pours beauty and joy into all earthly sorrows, and thus transfigures them all and makes them a part of the kingdom of heaven.

There are other hours in which work is transfigured,—in which it does not appear drudgery, but a mission; in which it is noble to do anything for God and man; in which every duty is attractive. All work becomes a divine calling then, and we see that men are not only called to be apostles, but also called to be carpenters; called to be merchants, soldiers, sailors; called to be artists, inventors, and that one can sweep a room for the sake of God, man, truth, and be happy and Christian in doing it. And until our work is thus transfigured, and we see religion in it, it must be often a burden and drudgery.

The sight of great truths and devotion to great causes transfigures also, our friendship and our love. Friendship is only a habit of being together: love is only a fire of straw, flaring and falling away in a moment, unless its soul is some generous common aim, some noble common inspiration. But with these, when we talk with our friends, they are transfigured, and we are talking with Moses and Elias, with prophets and saints. Their garments are white as the light; their faces shine as the sun. For as Jesus is the mirror in which we see the face of God, so are all good men and women, in their better moments, the illustration to our hearts of the

great prophets and saints of the earth. They are our prophets and saints, our heroes and martyrs. What would life be without them? They encourage our faith in all things good and fair, and open to us beforehand the portals of a higher world.

And so, sometimes, Christ becomes transfigured to us, as he once was to Peter and John. Sometimes we seem to see him and understand him far better than at other times. Our hearts burn within us as he talks with us. He opens to us the Scriptures. Technicalities fall away. We do not ask any theological questions about Jesus, whether he was Son of God or man, natural or supernatural. But we seem to see our Master and Friend, as Stephen saw him, in the midst of his torment, a dear human face, a look of compassionate tenderness to us, a pity for our temptations and sins, a divine heart, full of God, yet a human heart, all manhood and womanhood, too. And the Scriptures grow clear in such moments, grow intensely interesting, whereas they were before dull. Now every word is bursting with fresh life. The Bible becomes transfigured; it is like earth in this springtime, every part swelling into leaves and blossoms, every part instinct with life. We watch the words of the Bible, expecting to find something new in them, as parents watch the little infant, day by day, to trace the dawning of some fresh intelligence, the unfolding of some new power.

So, also, is death transfigured to us, as we live in the light of God's truth and love. The old death is abolished. There is no such thing as death, only change, only progress since Christ came. The other world grows fair and near, grows sweet and tender: it repels no more, it attracts us. We enjoy this life, are glad to stay and work; we are ready for the other, being sure that also will bring us enough to know, enough to love, enough to do.

Such are the hours of transfiguration which God sends us from time to time, to ennoble our lives. We sometimes call them the coming of the Holy Spirit. These moments of inward illumination are the master-lights of all our being. They go with us hid in our heart when we go away from God and truth. They are there, undying convictions, from which we can never escape, teaching us that truth, right, goodness, are realities and shall never pass away.

These hours of transfigured life are so precious that we wish to detain them. But this is not the law of our existence. When Peter said, "It is good to be here," he said the truth; but, when he added, "Let us build three tents or huts and stay here," he wist not what he said. Monasticism tried to build such tents in these high places of life, and to live on the Mount of Transfiguration, but failed. Sentimental and emotional piety try to live in the upper air of high-wrought enthusiasm, in the solitudes of devotion, always alone with the only God. But that fails also. It is not meant that we should always live on this mountain, in this high, lonely solitude of worship. We must come down, as Jesus did, to mingle with the world and do our work in the world. The three tents which only can be built for us on this Mount of Transfiguration are erected by poetry, art, and religion. But they are not tents to live in, only to go and refresh ourselves in and return again to our work. Poetry pours a charm over life, and gives us a place of repose. It adds a beauty to existence, and idealizes the most common lot. Poets like Burns and Whittier make the rude huts of the Scotch peasant or the prosaic homes of New England full of romance and the most every-day life a lyric. The poet walks in glory and in joy, following his plough along the side of the mountain. To him the smallest flower that blows can give thoughts that lie too deep for tears. Is it not a delightful thing that in the hardest, coldest, grayest life there should always be the power of walking with Dante or Homer or Shakespeare through their worlds of enchantment? Thus poetry builds one tent on the Mount of Transfiguration, where we can go to commune with the prophets and bards, the heroes and saints, of all time.

And another tent is built by art. There is a vast deal of talk about art in these times, and there is danger in the abundance of words of losing the reality. What is true art but that which seeks to embody the moments in which nature and life are transfigured? Art is not a mere imitation, however correct, of the common-place objects around us. A true portrait is not an accurate transfer to canvas of the average man eating, drinking, talking commonplace. But a true portrait divines and retains the noblest moments of the soul; gives us the man at his best, when he rose above care and evil into the sight of truth. The true landscape painter gives us nature transfigured by the soul. We delight in a picture of Claude or Poussin, because it not only expresses what the artist saw, but adds to it a gleam of lustre known neither to sea nor land, but borrowed from the soul itself. Thus art is meant to build a tent on the Mount of Transfiguration, into which we

can go and be refreshed, and return again to the world and to our work, able to do it better for these glimpses of a higher world.

Religion also builds its tent on the Mount of Transfiguration. We go up out of the hard work or the heavy sorrows of life into those higher regions where we can rest for a little while in the peace of God. Every Sunday is such a tent built on the Mount of Transfiguration. To how many thousands of struggling, suffering souls does each Sunday bring a momentary peace, a vision of something better than this hard life can give! To what great multitudes, to whom poetry is nothing, art nothing, does not religion come, so that they see the heavens opened for a little while, and sit in heavenly places with apostles, prophets, and martyrs! When you see the multitudes of Roman Catholics around the church which has been built by the gifts of the poor, do not think that it is only superstition which holds them to it. No! but it is the one place where many a soul rises out of a merely animal existence into faith and hope, and feels itself a child of God. It is the only solace and consolation of thousands who are crushed down by hard realities. To them poetry is nothing, art nothing, nature nothing; but through their church they gain a momentary glimpse of an ideal world, and rise into a sense of the dignity of human existence.

Is it not a blessed thing that there is this Mount of Transfiguration where the humblest human being can talk with Moses and Elijah, with Jesus and the apostles, with the goodly company of prophets and the noble army of martyrs?

The poor widow, with her Bible in her hand, can enter this grand fellowship. Her eyes are opened, and she walks in Paradise with God and the angels. What matters it that she is living in a garret or a cellar? When she opens that book, she passes through the golden gates into the New Jerusalem, and has a foretaste of joys which the eye has not seen nor the ear heard nor the heart of man conceived. What to her are the riches and glories of this world? She is "rich in a more precious treasure, eloquent in a more sublime language, noble by the right of an earlier creation, and priest by the imposition of a mightier hand." Her Bible tells her that she was foreordained before the foundation of the world to be the heir of glory, honor, and immortality. "To her has the Almighty proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist and the harp of the prophet. She has been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe." For her has Jesus been tempted in the wilderness, and agonized in the garden, for her sake he prayed on the mountain and offered up his life on the cross. The Bible is all the literature she has; but that is enough to redeem her life from weariness, and fill it with visions of beauty and hope.

"See thou tell no man," was the command of Jesus. "Tell no man of the vision." These hours are not to be talked about. Those who tell their religious experiences over and over again turn them into empty talk. These deeper convictions and sentiments are only for ourselves or for our most intimate friends or for those who need them in their hour of need, not for argument or display or common conversation.

Let us thank God for these hours on the Mount of Transfiguration. They make our common life better and nobler. When we think of them, we know that God and duty and goodness are realities. We go on our common way illuminated by these heavenly visions. They preserve us from doubt and despair. They are the seed of a better future for us all,—the small kernels, the little acorns, into which God has put the vast harvests and noble forests of the coming years.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Vesper Hymn.

The day is done, the weary day of thought
and toil is past,
Soft falls the twilight cool and gray on the
tired earth at last;
By wisest teachers wearied, by gentlest
friends oppressed,
In Thee alone, the soul outworn, refreshment
finds and rest.

Bend, Gracious Spirit, from above like these
o'erarching skies,
And to thy firmament of Love lift up these
longing eyes;
And folded by thy sheltering Hand in refuge
still and deep,
Let blessed thoughts from thee descend as
drop the dews of sleep.

And, when refreshed, the soul once more
puts on new life and power,
Oh, let thine image, Lord, alone gild the first
waking hour!
Let that dear Presence dawn and glow fairer
than Morn's first ray,
And thy pure radiance overflow the splendor
of the day.

So in the hastening even, so in the coming morn,
When deeper slumber shall be given and fresher life be born,
Shine out true Light! to guide my way amid that deepening gloom,
And rise, O Morning Star, the first that day-spring to illume!

I cannot dread the darkness where thou wilt watch o'er me,
Nor smile to greet the sunrise unless thy smile I see;
Creator, Saviour, Comforter! on thee my soul is cast;
At morn, at night, on earth, in heaven, be thou my First and Last.

—*Eliza Scudder.*

A Great Life joins on to our little life, maintaining it. It is we and the Not-We with us. Call it by what name we will, we depend, and can depend, on an Infinite Helpfulness in all our trying.

This is the beginning of all gospels,—that the kingdom of heaven is at hand just where *we* are. It is just as near us as our work is, for the gate of heaven for each soul lies in the endeavor to do that work perfectly.

—*W. C. Gannett.*

While any one is base, none can be entirely free and noble.

Be sparing of your praise; above all, of its highest terms. He who has a heart to appreciate the excellent should call nothing excellent which falls short of being so. Leave yourself some incense worthy of the best: do not lavish it on the merely *good*.

In quietness yield thy soul to the causal soul.

The highest ideal which man can attain of his own powers is that which he is destined to attain. Whatever the soul knows how to seek, it cannot fail to obtain. This is the Law and the Prophets.

One sacrifice of the temporal for the eternal day is the grain of mustard seed, which may give birth to a tree large enough to make a home for the sweetest singing birds. One moment of deep truth in life, of choosing not merely honesty, but purity, may leaven the whole mass.

Strive, strive, my soul, to be innocent; yes, beneficent. Does any man wound thee? Not only forgive, but work into thy thought intelligence of the kind of pain, that thou mayest never inflict it on another spirit. Then its work is done; it will never search thy whole nature again.

—*Margaret Fuller.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.*]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

Mrs. E. E. Hudson, 2 Maple Place, Jamaica Plain, Mass., offers a large Worcester dictionary (1866) leather bound, to any one willing to pay express.

Mrs. F. F. Wilkins, Green Hill, Pennsylvania, Chester County, offers the following books: "Bruin; or, Her Grand Bear Hunt"; "The Boy Tar"; "The Giraffe Hunters"; "The Forest Exiles"; "The Bush Boys," by Capt. Mayne Reid; "Auld Licht Idyls," Barrie; "Little Dorrit," "Great Expectations," Dickens; "Ships that Pass in the Night," Harraden; "John Halifax," Muloch; "Bricks without Straw," Tourgee; "The Sketch Book," Irving; "Lorna Doone," Blackmore; "Mill on the Floss," Eliot; "Ocean Waifs"; "Flag of Distress"; "Young Yagers."

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Magnolia, Mass., offers especially to ministers: "The Perfect Life" (sermons by Dr. Channing); "Sermons," by Rufus Ellis (these are very beautiful, full of spiritual life); "Seven Stormy Sundays," by Lucretia P. Hale, "The Lord's Supper" (same author) (these last two are also very good companions for a shut-in); "Steps of Belief," James Freeman Clarke (rational Christianity maintained against atheism, free religion, etc.); "Foregleams of Immortality," Edmund H. Sears.

Miss Clarke would like to send her copy of the *Revue Philanthropique* to some agent or Association for charity work (after reading it). It would be most useful in a central office in a city, and only for those who can read French with ease.

Miss C. E. Jenks, Bedford, Mass., offers the *Survey*, social, charitable, civic.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Miss Sarah Macey, Briston, Nebraska, who is more or less a shut-in, will be very glad of reading.

2. Mrs. Ida E. C. Marshall, Vinal Haven, Maine, asks for the Boston Saturday *Evening Transcript.*

3. Mrs. L. L. Draughon, Whitakers, North Carolina, will be very glad of current numbers of *Youth's Companions.*

4. Mrs. Sallie B. Jones, Brookville, Ohio, Route 5, will appreciate *Woman's Home Companion* or *Woman's World.*

5. Mrs. Mary Louder, New London, R. F. D. 1, Stanley County, North Carolina, will be glad of post-cards for the children and any light reading for herself.

6. Mrs. Lelia A. Hall, Dodson, Virginia, mother of two little girls, aged four and two years, would like pictures for them, and will be glad of anything for herself.

7. Mrs. Mollie R. Hall, Elamsville, Virginia. Five children, oldest nine years, will be glad of suitable reading.

8. Miss Florence Cooper, Lahore, Orange County, Virginia, asks for "St. Elmo" and *Munsey's Magazine.*

9. Mrs. Helen M. Warner, New Boston, New Hampshire, asks for "Lady Mechante," by Gelett Burgess, and "An Evans of Suffolk."

10. It has been some time since I wrote a letter for publication in *Cheerful Letter*, so I ask for "A Modern Reader's Bible" and "A Bible Text Cyclopedia," for my husband, some picture-books and cards for my children, and especially for myself *The Silver Cross.* If some one will send me this paper for a few months, even after they read it, I shall be very glad. (Mrs.) Jennie J. Roberson, Dodson, Patrick County, Virginia.

11. Mrs. J. O. Hatcher, Mt. Airy, R. D. 5, North Carolina, former address McLawrin, North Carolina, would like to receive magazines.

12. Ida Brown, Hardwick, Vermont, a shut-in, will be very glad of reading, and asks especially for the *American Woman.*

13. Miss Daisy G. Decker, Cole's Valley, Douglas County, Oregon, will be glad of reading and picture post-cards.

14. Rev. Alan Pressley Wilson, Orbisonia, Pennsylvania, will be pleased to receive books, pamphlets, or magazine articles on Africa.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Ella Hay, from Foyil, to Mark, Oklahoma.

Mrs. J. L. Kirk from Kannapolis, to New London, North Carolina.

DIED.

Lorraine Parler of Saluda, North Carolina.

Mrs. Judd King of Colorado Springs, formerly of Centralia, Oklahoma.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

HOW TO TREAT A BOY WHO HAS DONE WRONG.

(*Continued from last number.*)

John felt all the time uncomfortable and uneasy, and he longed for the hour to come when it would be time for him to go to bed. And yet he dreaded to have the time come, too; for he could not bear the thought of kissing his mother and father affectionately and bidding them good-night, while his mind was burdened with such a dreadful secret as the one which he was trying to conceal from them.

At length, however, a little before the usual time came, he said he felt tired, and he believed he would go to bed. Lucy said that, if he was going, she would go, too, and so the children both kissed their father and bade him good-night, and then they went away.

They did not bid their mother good-night because they knew that she would come up and see them after they were in bed: this was her usual custom.

In about ten minutes Mrs. True came up to see if the children were comfortable and to bid them good-night. While she was coming upstairs, John's mind was in a great state of agitation and suspense. He wished very much that his mother knew what he had done, but he could not bear to tell her.

"Shall I tell her or not?" said he to himself, "and how shall I tell her? How shall I begin? The falsehoods that I told my

father are the worst. I don't see how I can tell her. I won't tell her to-night, at any rate. I'll wait till to-morrow, and then I'll see what I'd better do."

Just then his mother came into the room. There was a large and very comfortable arm-chair at the head of John's bed. Mrs. True took her seat in this chair and put her hand upon her little son's head in a very kind and affectionate manner.

"Well, Johnny, how do you do to-night?" said she.

"I am pretty well," said John.

"I was afraid that you were sick," said Mrs. True.

"Why, mother," asked John, surprised, "what made you think I was sick?"

"Why, I thought you looked rather sober, and then, besides, you wanted to come to bed."

"Oh, that was only because I was tired."

"Well, I am glad that you are not sick," said his mother. "Your forehead feels cool. I do not think you are feverish."

"Oh, no, mother," said John, "I am not sick at all."

"I am very glad of that," said his mother. "And now you may say your prayers."

So John said his prayers, and then his mother, after kissing him and bidding him good-night, went away.

The first feeling that John experienced when his mother had gone was relief to find that the day was ended, and that for the present he was safe. There was very little probability, he thought, that either of his parents would ask him anything the next day that would get him into any difficulty, and thus, so far as his father and mother were concerned, he had nothing immediately to fear. There was one thing, however, which still perplexed him, and that was what he was to do for an excuse for his absence the next day at school; for, whenever any of the scholars were absent from that school, they were required to bring a written excuse on the following morning, and, if in any instance a delinquent came without it, he was sent home for it again immediately. John pondered a long time on this difficulty, much perplexed and full of fear. At length he fell asleep.

He went to school in the morning with his mind full of solicitude and anxiety, and without any idea of what he should say or do when the teacher should call upon him for his excuse. He had a faint hope that the teacher might forget it or for some other reason fail to call him to account, but this was a very faint hope indeed.

When he arrived at the gate which led to that part of the house where the entrance to the schoolroom was, he found two boys standing there talking together. Their names were George and Jerry.

"Where did you go yesterday?" asked Jerry.

"Oh, I went away—about," said John.

"*We* went down to see the 'Pacific' sail," said George.

"Why didn't you come to school?" asked John.

"School!" said Jerry; "there wasn't any school."

"There wasn't any school!" repeated John, very much surprised. "Why not?"

"Why, the teacher gave us a holiday," said Jerry, "on account of the celebration. He told all the boys of it as fast as they came in the morning."

John clapped his hands with delight. He went in and took his place at his desk in the schoolroom, with his mind very much relieved.

. . . . . .

As soon as his mother had gone the next night John turned over upon his side, shut up his eyes, and tried to go to sleep. It was very hard for him even to keep his eyes shut.

His mind was full of agitating and distracting emotions. He was distressed, not merely by the thoughts of the particular sins that now specially troubled him, but a great many other sins which he had committed long before, and which he thought he had forgotten, came up to his remembrance and filled him with distress and anguish.

"How ungrateful I am," said he to himself, "to deceive my father and mother, or do anything to grieve them, when they do so much for me!"

Then he reflected, too, how good God had been to him. He held up his little hand, looked at the fingers, and moved them about to see how ingeniously they were contrived, and then reflected that God made them for him. He looked about the room, and saw how beautifully the subdued and softened light beamed upon the carpet and the curtains and the pictures on the walls, and remembered that God made this light for him, with all its mysterious powers and properties. It was the wisdom and power of Almighty God that it displayed in its shining, he thought, whether it glowed in the noonday sun to gladden the face of nature, or beamed more mildly from the silvery moon or twinkling stars, as he had often seen it from his window at night; or glowed in the evening fire or in the brilliant flames of lamp or chandelier. Then he shut his eyes and turned his mind inward upon

himself. He thought of his own thinking. What a strange, mysterious, and wonderful power it was! It was a power that God had given to him. He called up mental pictures of striking and remarkable scenes that he had witnessed, and it seemed surpassingly wonderful that he could now see all those things again, as it were, lying in bed in his solitary chamber, with his eyes shut. He recalled to his imagination his memorable walk down Broadway with Philbert, and brought back to his mind all the sights that he had witnessed there.

"I shall never be happy," said John to himself, "until I have told my mother all about my not going to school yesterday, and I am positively resolved to tell her about it the very first thing to-morrow morning. I cannot do it now, and so I won't think of it any more, but go to sleep." Then he shut up his eyes and tried to go to sleep.

But his eyes would not stay shut. They blinked and quivered, and would keep opening every minute, in spite of all his efforts. Presently he rose up in bed, and, leaning upon his elbow, he turned his pillow over and smoothed it with the other hand, and lay down again in a new position, and then shut his eyes once more. In a few minutes they filled with tears, and John, no longer able to restrain his feelings, gave up the effort and began to cry bitterly.

"I wish I had told her before she went down," said he to himself. "I had a great mind to do it, and now I really wish I had. If she were here now, I would tell her; but I don't know how I can get her to come."

Then he got out of bed. He walked back and forth a few minutes, and then went softly to the door. He opened the door and looked out into the hall. John listened, hoping that he might hear something of his mother. If he could see her or hear her, he meant to call her, and to ask her to come up into his room. But all was still.

In a few minutes John heard the door of one of the adjoining rooms opening. It was the door of his sister Anna's room. Anna herself was there, just coming out. John stepped back hastily as soon as his sister's door opened, but Anna caught a glimpse of his dress as he disappeared. So she came to his door.

"John," said she, "is this you?"

"Yes," said John.

"Do you want anything?" asked Anna.

"I was looking to see if I could see mother anywhere," said John.

Now John's sister Anna was a young lady of great delicacy and tact, and she perceived at once, by the tone of her brothers' voice, that he was, on some account or other, in trouble. She pitied him and wished very much to help him, so she did not say, "Oh, you can't see mother this time of night: go back to bed, and go to sleep." On the contrary, she determined at once to aid him in obtaining what he wished. She spoke to him in a very kind and gentle tone, saying:

"Well, John, you go back and get into bed, and I'll go and call mother. She'll come and see you, I am sure."

In a few minutes Mrs. True came up into the room. She advanced to the bedside, and there she found John lying with his head covered up under the bedclothes, and sobbing as if his heart would break.

Mrs. True did not utter any exclamations of surprise, or ask eagerly what was the matter. She saw at once that the trouble, whatever it might be, was no sudden accident, such as demanded urgent and instantaneous action, and so she proceeded in a calm and quiet manner to ascertain the nature of the case. She put her hand gently upon her boy's forehead, and began stroking down the hair in a soothing and quieting manner, saying at the same time in a kind and gentle tone,—

"My poor Johnny!"

There seemed to be some mysterious charm in the touch of Mrs. True's soft hand upon John's forehead, or else in the kind and loving tones of her voice; for though, after speaking those few words, she said no more to him, but remained quietly by his bedside, with her hand stroking down his hair, he became gradually quite calm and composed.

"You have got something to tell me, haven't you, Johnny?" she said at length, when she found her poor boy had recovered sufficiently from his agitation.

"Yes, mother," said John.

"Well, what is it?" asked his mother. "Tell me."

"Why, mother, I've done something very wrong," said John, "very wrong indeed, and I can't go to sleep until I tell you. I did not go to school yesterday at all."

"Did not you?" said his mother.

"No," said John; "and, besides that, what I told father about it was not true."

"Well," said his mother, "those were very bad things as long as you kept them to yourself, but, now that you have told me honestly about them, the difficulty will all be over very soon. Now tell me the whole story."

John found to his surprise that an immense burden was removed from his mind

just by what he had already said to his mother. A large portion of the bitter distress and anguish which he had suffered was already gone. He turned over in his bed toward his mother, and put out his hand for her to take. His mother took his hand in both of hers, and pressed it very affectionately. Then she leaned over him, as his head lay upon his pillow, and kissed his forehead in a very loving manner. Thus encouraged, John felt no longer afraid, but related the whole story just as it was. He, however, did not, by any means, attempt to put the blame of the affair off upon Philbert, but spoke of their going down Broadway, instead of going to school, as an act in which the two were equally engaged, and for which they were equally responsible.

He did not even tell his mother Philbert's name. He spoke of him simply as another boy.

"I will tell you what his name is if you think it is best," said John. "I don't know myself whether I ought to do it or not."

"Do I know him?" asked Mrs. True.

"No, mother," said John, "I think you do not."

"Then you had better not tell me," said she; "it would not do any good, and we must never tell any evil of other people unless it will do some good."

"But now," continued Mrs. True, "you have told me of your fault like a good boy, and you may consider it all settled, and think no more about it. I am very glad that you sent down for me to come—very glad, indeed. Perhaps to-morrow I shall have something more to say to you about this affair; but, if I do, it will not be anything to trouble you, so you may consider it all settled, and you may shut your eyes and go to sleep."

"But I want to tell my father about it first," said John.

"Well," said Mrs. True, "I don't know but that you would feel better satisfied to tell your father; but that will do to-morrow, perhaps, just as well."

John hesitated a moment, and then he said,—

"I think, mother, I would rather tell him to-night, and then I can go to sleep better."

"Well," said his mother, "then you shall; or, how would it do for *me* to tell him for you? I can explain it all to him when I go downstairs."

John paused a moment, and seemed to be thinking of this plan. Presently he said:

"It would be *easier* for me to have you tell him, mother, but seems to me that, somehow, I shall feel better to tell him myself. Don't you think so, mother?"

"Yes," said his mother, "I think you are right about it, and I will ask him to come up here, and you can tell him. And then, after that, you must forget all about it, and shut up your eyes and go to sleep."

So Mrs. True kissed John twice and then went away.—*Jacob Abbott, in "John True."*

(To be continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

ADVENTURE WITH A RHINOCEROS: WHAT THE HUNTER DID FOR HIS FRIEND THE RHINOCEROS.

(Continued from the March number.)

I observed that amidst all his demonstrations of gladness and unmistakable fondness, he seemed very stiff and in great pain when he turned or moved quickly. In his warmest revealings an occasional sound escaped him indicative of acute pain. At first I attributed this to the last night's warfare; but, as his anguish appeared to be intolerable, and he at times turned his glances towards his right flank, and from that his expressive eyes sought mine, I determined to discover the cause, if possible; but how to do it was the question. At that time the creature was well disposed towards me; but, if I hurt or offended him, how then? He was as powerful for evil as for good. He might not like to be handled: if there were physical causes of pain and I attempted to give him ease, I might unavoidably increase his sufferings for the time; and he, not comprehending the necessity of that, or my object and motive, might stir me up with that horn, worse than half a dozen bayonets. I pictured to myself the exhibition I should make impaled upon it and hoisted at the end of his nose. It was an awkward contemplation, but I could not see his intense sufferings without trying to know their source and an effort to relieve. I unslung my heavy, double-rifled roer from my shoulders, laid it down, and knelt upon the ground by his side, to look at the part at which he had gazed so earnestly. As I did so he actually stepped sideways nearer to me, as if to give me a better view, as if anxious that I should do something for him, at all events I thought so. I laid my head upon the grass, and saw enough to account for any amount of uneasiness; the wonder was how the poor creature could move or stand; it was plain his tortures must be exquisite. I rose to my feet and patted his face, which he laid on my chest. I knelt again. I saw there

was a deep wound in the flank, as if some large foreign body were forced into it, and still remained inbedded there. I could have no doubt it was full of matter which by its distension of the parts caused the suffering. The mouth of the wound was festering, as wounds will in such a climate. It was useless to look only—I must do more. First I must ascertain what the foreign body was. Would he permit that? I began—not without so placing myself that I could quickly regain my feet if he made a hostile demonstration. I need not have made such a preparation. I had no sooner touched the wound than he, although moaning under the agony I gave him, positively leaned towards my hand, and looked at me with an earnest gaze, which, as I read it, said: "Do all you can for me—it is hard to bear." I found the cause of all this torture was the horn of another rhinoceros, which had been forced in up to the base, and then, probably by the desperate struggles of both animals, broken off. How was I to remove that? Without removing it nothing could be done: all that could be tried or effected short of that was worse than nothing, as it would only give useless pain, and the poor animal must inevitably die. If gangrene had not begun to set in, it soon must. I looked into the eyes of the sufferer: their expression was mild, but it told all his misery—all his hope in me. That look seemed to implore my aid—at any cost he should have it if I could but devise means of affording it beneficially.

A terribly offensive discharge oozed slowly from the wound as I pressed it, but in too small a quantity to give ease by reducing the tumefaction. I endeavored to get him to the water; he was perfectly docile, and comprehended readily my effort to get him there. With some of the silk-like moss hanging pendant from the trees I cleansed the orifice of the wound, removing some dirt and more sand and gravel, which adhered to the glutinous discharge, he gazing beseechingly at me the while, but seemingly soothed by the bathing. There were no signs of anger or impatience; his natural language was all new to me. Of course I read it imperfectly, in some instances wrongly; but I fancied his anguish was somewhat assuaged, and that he wished the application continued. I was sensible that beyond this effect it could have no other,—none really beneficial,—all was done in vain unless the horn was extracted. I got hold of it, passing my hand beneath it in the wound: the poor fellow roared fearfully. If ever an angry demonstration might be expected it was then, but there was none; he merely placed his face upon or against my chest, as before, and, although his colossal frame trembled violently under his fierce pangs, and the large tears rolled from his eyes, he licked my hand. I had started to my feet, lest the agony I had caused might have generated anger, but it was a vain apprehension. Poor "Rhino" only felt gratitude for my imperfect aid. I had not given him the pain without an object: I wished to know the form of the base of the horn and the comparative size of the part above it. I had thought of several ways of accomplishing the extraction, rejecting all, because I was destitute of everything needful to reduce them to practice. Having ascertained the size of the base of the horn, and that some knobby excrescences were there, I fancied I had got what my Irish servant always called "a bright"—meaning thereby a bright idea. I resolved to cherish it lest I might not get another. Hope now began to animate me, and I, for the first time, felt confidence. Up to that moment I had been working in the dark darkly, now I saw what all men desire—light. I was as sure of saving my poor friend's life, and ending his agonies, as I had previously been doubtful. "All right, captain!" I exclaimed, patting him, and going off to my tree, for my principal baggage was in my bed-chamber. "Rhino" followed me closely; the more cheerful tone of my voice might have struck him; all animals are keen judges of *tone*, from that they take the meaning of the words they hear. Wild animals are especially observant of and skilful in interpreting tone; that, and the expression of the eye, will guide them more truly than any comprehension of the words in their literal sense guides man, who often finds that language is used to conceal thoughts rather than to reveal them. In my knapsack I carried two ropes, used to tie up portions of springbok, or any other animal, when killed and "broken up": they were not thick, but well twisted, strong, and very flexible, being always more or less greasy. It was touching to see how the sufferer clung to me, as if he centred every hope he had of relief in me alone: a child could not cling to its mother more closely. I think we always feel disposed to aid in proportion to the reliance placed upon us: in my case I own it was not within me to allow the creature to fix his hopes upon my assistance vainly, if I could relieve him. To pacify him as well as I could I had recourse to my former plan of talking to him—no doubt in a very nonsensical style, but what I said had the effect, and words of wisdom could not do more.

I joined the ropes, and to them united the

straps which had prevented me from "falling out of bed" during my slumbers. One of these straps I wished to pass round the horn above its base, and to effect this both tact and force were required: it could neither be done quickly not without much torture, yet it was indispensable. I was careful to do this part of the operation effectually rather than tenderly, for I remembered having heard our regimental surgeon say, with reference to a severe operation, "In surgery there is neither mercy nor kindness in being tender: mercy and kindness are only shown in doing all needful things *well*." I would have given all I possessed to be certain of accomplishing my object at the first effort, yet I could scarcely hope to do that with the inadequate means at my disposal. Of the manner in which the great pain I must have caused was borne I cannot speak so highly as it merited. Anxiety and exertion in such an unwonted attitude as I was compelled to assume for the occasion caused me to become as profusely streaming as if I had been in a vapor bath. At last the strap was fixed and thoroughly secured. I re-examined my work, and thought it effectively done. The next thing was, would the ropes go round the trunk of the tree? That, by getting my patient to go as close to the tree as he could go, was effected, with about a foot of the rope to spare when duly secured. Then came the greatest difficulty of all: how could I prevail upon the animal to "back," as horses are taught to do, even if I could make him understand what was necessary. I must stand before him to do this. If he attributed all his increased sufferings to me, not comprehending their necessity, how easy to gore me or to stamp me into a mass of broken bones and out of life! True, so far his meek resignation to my will had been perfect,—it gave me confidence,—but this was the greatest difficulty of all. I placed one hand upon his horn, the other upon his wide brow, looked in his eyes: they were mild as ever. I spoke to him in a kindly tone: he licked my face before I could prevent the act. I stood before him free from apprehension, and endeavored to make him know what I wished him to do; *i.e.*, to retrograde. At first he was at a loss—to walk backwards was so new to him. Could the object have been gained by a forward movement, all would have been easy; but without pulleys that was not possible. The horn had been driven in from front to rear, it must be drawn out from rear to front. After two or three efforts I got him to comprehend that a step backwards was needful. He made it: it was a short one, insufficient for the requirements of the case. I pressed my whole force against his face, still talking to him: he made another, and in doing so felt all the acute agony caused by full traction. Never till then had I ever heard so appalling a scream and roar combined as he uttered. He actually leaped upon me, only the hold I had upon his horn enabled me to spring out of his way. I was unhurt, but my task was incomplete. I resumed my efforts, patting and encouraging him by voice and gesture as I best could. He bent down his head, rubbed the side of his nose against the inside of his foreleg: it seemed as if he were trying to understand what I meant. Suddenly he raised his head, licked one of my hands, and as deliberately as was possible prepared himself for the retrograde movement. I seconded what I conceived to be an effort of his own, by pressing upon the broad front of his head, resuming my hold of his horn, and he and I both moved in the direction required. I felt him quivering, shaking throughout his vast bulk, and then with one determined effort he showed that he fully comprehended what was wanted. As I thought, he now had some notion of its real object. I might have been wrong in this, but he persisted, though his sufferings must have been fearfully great. Again came forth that mingled roar and scream; but he did not leap forward this time, he bravely persisted as I coaxed and pushed. I suddenly dashed my shoulder against his nose, he went as suddenly back: shrill, harsh, and hoarse the roar so expressive of agony came (it seemed to pierce through my entire system), but neither of us gave way, and—the object was gained.

At one and the same moment the imbedded horn was drawn forth upon the ground, upon which he fell on his knees, convulsively shaking, and sinking under his accumulated pangs: then he rolled upon one side. I was hurled over his neck as I relinquished my hold of his horn, he shaking and heaving spasmodically, I gathering myself together as best I could, exclaiming, "Thank God, it is over!"

I rose and beheld a grim visitor. A saurian had seen the rhinoceros fall. While the latter stood, he would not have dared to approach; but now he thought I was an easy prey. He did not know the virtues of steel bolts. I had slightly hurt my wrist by the wrench it received as the rhinoceros fell, I clasping his horn; but I sprang to my roer, and, as the open jaws of the saurian turned round the hindmost part of poor Rhino, a bolt crashed into the eye nearest me, and he threw himself upon his back in terrific struggles. The

report aroused the exhausted "captain." He rose to his feet from a pool of matter and blood which had welled from the wound, and still ran from it in a huge stream as he stood. He looked as if to ask what was the matter. I pointed to the baffled saurian. All his spirit was aroused, and he stamped the hideous brute to death and shapelessness. A blast of victory followed, but it was faint as compared with the blasts of the night before. However, the "captain" was on his legs again, and the first act he did after settling the hash of the alligator was to come to me and to lick my hands. His rough tongue told his thankfulness; it was an assurance from a tongue that never lied!

I was thinking of washing the wound. His tongue was hot, and his lips seemed parched with intense thirst. He trudged off,—he walked better now,—and after walking about two hundred yards turned the angle of a low bluff, behind which I saw, with gladness, a spring of delicious-looking water sparkling in the sun, as it descended into a natural basin, formed, probably, by the continued action of the water. I was thirsty. I hastily drank (after I had loaded my roer) from the spring itself, "Captain Rhino" from the basin, which he emptied, and stood impatiently waiting for more water to flow that he might drink again. When his feverish thirst was slaked, I bathed well his wound in the basin and plugged it with silky moss. My operation—my first effort in surgery—was performed. With it I had performed the most difficult of all operations, that of making a true friend, for such was "Captain Rhino" of "The Black Lakes."

What but instinct could have taught him that from man he might hope for aid in his sore extremity? What but the beautiful instincts implanted in him by the Great and All-wise Creator of all prompted him, as soon as he beheld me the night before, to seek me, and to make a friend of me in his need?

I have only to add that, when Captain Rhino saw the horn which had caused him so much suffering, and reminded him of the adversary who had wounded him, he stamped it into the earth with fearful rage; and that was the only instance in which I beheld in him the ungovernable fury attributable to the inferior rhinoceros. In my friend's absence, [I may say that] I think there may be some excuse for rage in this case.—*Temple Bar.*

[In the next number our readers will see what the Rhinoceros did for his friend the Hunter.]

BIOGRAPHY.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

Readers who have reached the twentieth chapter of my life will smile (as I have often done of late years) at the ascription to me in sundry not very friendly publications, of exclusive sympathy for animals and total indifference to human interests. I have seen myself frequently described as a woman "who would sacrifice any number of men, women, and children, sooner than that a few rabbits should be inconvenienced." Many good people, apparently, suppose me to represent a personal survival of Totemism in England, and to worship dogs and cats, while ready to consign the human race generally to destruction.

The foregoing pages, describing my life in old days in Ireland and the years which I spent afterwards working in the slums in Bristol, ought, I think, to suffice to dissipate this fancy picture. As a matter of fact, it has only been of late years and since their wrongs have appealed alike to my feelings of pity and my moral sense that I have come to bestow any peculiar attention on animals, or have been concerned with them more than is common with the daughters of country squires, to whom dogs, horses, and cattle are familiar subjects of interest from childhood. I have indeed always felt much affection for dogs; that is to say, for those who exhibit the true dog character—which is far from being the case of every canine creature. Their eagerness, their joyousness, their transparent little wiles, their caressing and devoted affection, are to me more winning, even, I may say, more really and intensely *human* (in the sense in which a child is human), than the artificial, cold, and selfish characters one meets too often in the guise of ladies and gentlemen. It is not the four legs nor the silky or shaggy coat of the dog which should prevent us from discerning his inner nature of thought and love,—limited thought, it is true, but quite unlimited love. That he is dumb is to me only another claim (as it would be in a human child) on my consideration. But because I love good dogs, and, in their measure also, good horses, cats, and birds (I had once a dear and lovely white pea-hen), I am not, therefore, a morbid Zoophilist. I should be sorry indeed to say or think, like Byron, when my dog dies, that I "had but one true friend, and here he lies!" I have—thank God!—known many men and women, who have all a dog's merits of honesty and single-hearted devotion *plus* the virtues which can only flourish on the high

level of humanity, and to them I give a friendship which the best of dogs cannot share.

That there are some Timons in the world whose hearts, imbittered by human ingratitude, have turned with relief to the faithful love of a dog I am very well aware. Surely the fact makes one appeal the more on behalf of the creatures who thus by their humble devotion heal the wounds of disappointed or betrayed affection, and who come to cheer the lonely, the unloved, the dull-witted, the blind, the poverty-stricken whom the world forsakes. I think Lamartine was right to treat this love of the dog for man as a special provision of Divine mercy, and to marvel

"Par quelle pitié pour nos coeurs il vous donne
Pour aimer celui qui n'aime plus personne!"

Not a few deep thanksgivings, I believe, have gone up to the Maker of man and brute for the silent sympathy, expressed, perhaps, in no nobler way than by the gentle licking of a passive hand, which has yet saved a human heart from the sense of utter abandonment.

But *I* have no such sorrowful or embittering experience of human affection. I do not say, "The more I know of men the more I love dogs," but "The more I know of dogs the more I love *them*," without any invidious comparisons with men, women, or children. As regards the children, indeed I have always been fond of those which came in my way; and, if the tenth commandment had gone on to forbid coveting one's neighbor's *child*, I am not sure that I should not have had to plead guilty to breaking it many times.

In my old home I possessed a dear Pomeranian dog, of whom I was very fond, who, being lame, used constantly to esconce herself (though forbidden by my father) in my mother's carriage under the seat, and never showed her little pointed nose till the britzska had got so far from home that she knew no one would put her down on the road. Then she would peer out and lie against my mother's dress, and be fondled. Later on I had the companionship of another beautiful, mouse-colored Pomeranian, brought as a puppy from Switzerland. In my hard-working life in Bristol in the schools and work-house, she followed me, and ingratiated herself everywhere, and my solitary evenings were much happier for dear Hajjin's company. Many years afterwards she was laid under the sod of our garden in Hereford Square. Another dog of the same breed, whom I sent away at one year old to live in the country, was returned to me *eight years* afterwards, old and diseased. The poor beast recognized me, after a few moment's eager examination, and uttered an actual scream of joy when I called her by name, exhibiting every token of tender affection for me ever afterwards. When one reflects what eight years signify in the life of a dog,—almost equivalent to the distance between sixteen and sixty in a human being,—some measure is afforded by this incident of the durability of a dog's attachment. Happily, kind Dr. Hoggan cured poor Dee of her malady, and she and I enjoyed five happy years of companionship ere she died here in Hengwrt. I have dedicated my "Friend of Man" to her memory.

Among my smaller literary tasks in London I wrote an article for which Mr. Leslie Stephen (then editing the *Cornhill Magazine* in which it appeared) was kind enough to express particular liking. It was called "Dogs Whom I have Met," and gave an account of many canine individualities of my acquaintance. I also wrote an article in the *Quarterly Review* on the "Consciousness of Dogs," of which I have given above (p. 127) Mr. Darwin's favorable opinion. Both of these papers are reprinted in my "False Beasts and True." Such has been the sum total, I may say, of my personal concern with animals before and apart from my endeavors to deliver them from their scientific tormentors.

It was, as I have stated, the wrongs endured by animals which first aroused, and permanently maintained, my special interest in them. My great-grandfather had an office in the yard at Newbridge for his magisterial work, and over his own seat he caused to be inscribed the text, "Deliver him that is oppressed from the hand of the adversary." I know not whether it were a juvenile impression, but I have felt all my life an irresistible impulse to rush in wherever any one is "oppressed," and try to "deliver" him, or her, or it, as the case may be, from the "adversary." In the case of beasts, their helplessness and speechlessness appeal, I think, to every spark of generosity in one's heart, and the command, "Open thy mouth for the dumb," seems the very echo of our consciences. Everything in us, manly or womanly (and the best in us all is *both*), answers it back.

When I was a little child, living in a house where hunting, coursing, shooting, and fishing were carried on by all the men and boys, I took such field sports as a part of the order of things, and learned with delight from my father to fish in our ponds on my own account. Somehow it came to pass that when, at sixteen, my mind went through that

strange process which evangelicals call "conversion," among the first things which my freshly-awakened moral sense pointed out was that I must give up fishing. I reflected that the poor fishes were happy in their way in their proper element; that we did not in the least need, or indeed often use, them for food; and that I must no longer take pleasure in giving pain to any creature of God. It was a little effort to me to relinquish this amusement in my very quiet, uneventful life; but, as the good Quakers say, it was "borne in on me" that I had to do it; and from that time I have never held a rod or line (though I have been out in boats where large quantities of fish were caught on the Atlantic coast), and I freely admit that angling scarcely comes under the head of cruelty at all, and is perfectly right and justifiable when the fish are wanted for food, and are killed quickly. I used to stand sometimes, after I had ceased to fish, over one of the ponds in our park, and watch the bright creatures dart hither and thither, and say in my heart a little thanksgiving on their behalf, instead of trying to catch them.

Fifty years after this incident, I read in John Woolman's (the Quaker Saint's) Journal, chapter xi., this remark:—

"I believe where the love of God is verily perfected, and the true spirit of government watchfully attended, a tenderness towards all creatures made subject to us will be experienced, and a care felt in us that we do not lessen that sweetness of life in the animal creation which the great Creator intends for them under our government."—*Autobiography of Frances Power Cobbe.*

MARGARET FULLER.

(*Continued from last number.*)

"Extraordinary, generous seeking."
—*Goethe.*

"Through, brothers, through,—this be
Our watchword in danger or sorrow,
Common clay to its mother dust,
All nobleness heavenward!"
—*Theodore Koerner.*

To have found favor in thy sight
Will still remain
A river of thought that full of light
Divides the plain.
—*Milnes.*

The next note which I shall give was written not many days after, and is in quite a different vein. It is memorable to me as laying the foundation of a friendship which brought light to my mind, which enlarged my heart, and gave elevation and energy to my aims and purposes. For nearly twenty years Margaret remained true to the pledges of this note. In a few years we were separated, but our friendship remained firm. Living in different parts of the country, occupied with different thoughts and duties, making other friends,—sometimes not seeing nor hearing from each other for months,—we never met without my feeling that she was ready to be interested in all my thoughts, to love those whom I loved, to watch my progress, to rebuke my faults and follies, to encourage within me, always, the best that I could be or do, and to be satisfied with no mediocrity, no conformity to any low standard.

And what she thus was to me, she was to many others. Inexhaustible in power of insight, and with a good will "broad as ether," she could enter into the needs and sympathize with the various excellences of the greatest variety of characters. One thing only she demanded of all her friends,—that they should have some "extraordinary, generous seeking"*; that they should not be satisfied with the common routine of life; that they should aspire to something higher, better, holier, than they had now attained.

Where this element of aspiration existed, she demanded no originality of intellect, no greatness of soul. If these were found, well; but she could love, tenderly and truly, where they were not. But for a worldly character, however gifted, she felt and expressed something very like contempt. At this period she had no patience with self-satisfied mediocrity. She afterwards learned patience and unlearned contempt; but at the time of which I write she seemed and was to the multitude a haughty and supercilious person, while to those whom she loved she was all the more gentle, tender, and true.

Margaret possessed, in a greater degree than any person I ever knew, the power of so magnetizing others, when she wished, by the power of her mind, that they would lay open to her all the secrets of their nature. She had an infinite curiosity to know individuals,—not the vulgar curiosity which seeks to find out the circumstances of their outward lives, but that which longs to understand the inward springs of thought and

* The words of Goethe, which I have placed among the mottoes at the beginning of this chapter, were written by Margaret on the first page of a richly gilt and bound blank book, which she gave to me in 1832 for a private journal. The words of Körner are also translated by herself, and were given to me about the same time.

action in their souls. This desire and power both rested on a profound conviction of her mind in the individuality of every human being. A human being, according to her faith, was not the result of the presence and stamp of outward circumstances, but an original *monad*, with a certain special faculty, capable of a certain fixed development, and having a profound personal unity, which the ages of eternity might develop, but could not exhaust. I know not if she would have stated her faith in these terms, but some such conviction appeared in her constant endeavor to see and understand the germinal principle, the special characteristic, of every person whom she deemed worthy of knowing at all. Therefore, while some persons study human nature in its universal laws, and become great philosophers, moralists, and teachers of the race, while others study mankind in action, and, seeing the motives and feelings by which masses are swayed, become eminent politicians, sagacious leaders, and eminent in all political affairs, a few, like Margaret, study character, and acquire the power of exerting profoundest influence on individual souls.

I had expressed to her my desire to know something of the history of her mind,—to understand her aims, her hopes, her views of life. In a note written in reply, she answered me thus:—

"I cannot bring myself to write you what you wished. You would be disappointed, at any rate, after all the solemn note of preparation: the consciousness of this would chill me now. Besides, I cannot be willing to leave with you such absolute *vagaries* in a tangible, examinable shape. I think of your after-smiles, of your colder moods. But I will tell you, when a fitting opportunity presents, all that can interest you, and perhaps more. And excuse my caution. I do not profess, I may not dare, to be generous in these matters."

To this I replied to the effect that "in my coldest mood I could not criticise words written in a confiding spirit"; and that, at all events, she must not expect of me a confidence which she dared not return. This was the substance of a note to which Margaret thus replied:—

"I thank you for your note. Ten minutes before I received it I scarcely thought that anything again would make my stifled heart throb with so warm a pulse of pleasure. Excuse my cold doubts, my selfish arrogance; you will, when I tell you that this experiment has before had such uniform results. Those who professed to seek my friendship, and whom, indeed, I have often truly loved, have always learned to content themselves with that inequality in the connection which I have never striven to veil. Indeed, I have thought myself more valued and better beloved, because the sympathy, the interest, were all on my side.

. . . . . .

"I cannot promise you any limitless confidence, but I *can* promise that no timid caution, no haughty dread shall prevent my telling you the truth of my thoughts on any subject we may have in common. Will this satisfy you? Oh, let it! suffer me to know you."

In a postscript she adds, "No other cousin or friend of any style is to see this note." So for twenty years it has lain unseen, but for twenty years did we remain true to the pledges of that period. And now that noble heart sleeps beneath the tossing Atlantic, and I feel no reluctance in showing to the world this expression of pure youthful ardor.

. . . . . .

Margaret's home at this time was in the mansion house formerly belonging to Judge Dana,—a large, old-fashioned building, since taken down, standing about a quarter of a mile from the Cambridge Colleges, on the main road to Boston. The house stood back from the road, on rising ground, which overlooked an extensive landscape. It was always a pleasure to Margaret to look at the outlines of the distant hills beyond the river, and to have before her this extent of horizon and sky. In the last year of her residence in Cambridge her father moved to the old Brattle place, a still more ancient edifice, with large, old-fashioned garden and stately rows of linden-trees. Here Margaret enjoyed the garden walks, which took the place of the extensive view.

During these five years her life was not diversified by events, but was marked by an inward history. Study, conversation, society, friendship, and reflection on the aim and law of life made up her biography.

One of Margaret's earliest friends, Rev. F. H. Hedge, thus records the impression that she made upon him at the time of their first acquaintance:—

"Margaret was then about thirteen,—a child in years, but so precocious in her mental and physical development that she passed for eighteen or twenty. Agreeably to this estimate, she had her place in society as a lady full grown.

"When I recall her personal appearance,

as it was then and for ten or twelve years subsequent to this, I have the idea of a blooming girl of a florid complexion and vigorous health, with a tendency to robustness, of which she was painfully conscious. With no pretensions to beauty then, or at any time, her face was one that attracted, that awakened a lively interest, that made one desirous of a nearer acquaintance. It was a face that fascinated, without satisfying. Never seen in repose, never allowing a steady perusal of its features, it baffled every attempt to judge the character by physiognomical induction. You saw the evidence of a mighty force, but what direction that force would assume—whether it would determine itself to social triumphs or to triumphs of art—it was impossible to divine. Her moral tendencies, her sentiments, her true and prevailing character, did not appear in the lines of her face. She seemed equal to anything, but might not choose to put forth her strength. You felt that a great possibility lay behind that brow, but you felt, also, that the talent that was in her might miscarry through indifference or caprice.

"I said she had no pretensions to beauty, yet she was not plain. She escaped the reproach of positive plainness by her blond and abundant hair, by her excellent teeth, by her sparkling, dancing, busy eyes, which, though usually half-closed from near-sightedness, shot piercing glances at those with whom she conversed, and, most of all, by the very peculiar and graceful carriage of her head and neck, which all who knew her will remember as the most characteristic trait in her personal appearance."

Not to speak of Margaret's friendships in her biography would be omitting the most striking feature of her character. It would be worse than the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet omitted. Henry IV. without Sully, Gustavus Adolphus without Oxenstiern, Napoleon without his marshals, Socrates without his scholars, would be more complete than Margaret without her friends. So that, in touching on these private relations, we must be everywhere "bold," yet not "too bold."

The insight which Margaret displayed in finding her friends, the magnetism by which she drew them toward herself, the catholic range of her intimacies, the influence which she exercised to develop the latent germ of every character, the constancy with which she clung to each when she had once given and received confidence, the delicate justice which kept every intimacy separate, and the process of transfiguration which took place when she met any one on this mountain of Friendship, giving a dazzling lustre to the details of common life,—all these should be at least touched upon and illustrated to give any adequate view of her in these relations.

Such a prejudice against her had been created by her faults of manner that the persons she might most wish to know often retired from her and avoided her. But she was "sagacious of her quarry," and never suffered herself to be repelled by this. She saw when any one belonged to her, and never rested till she came into possession of her property. I recollect a lady who thus fled from her for several years, yet at last became most nearly attached to her. This "wise sweet" friend, as Margaret characterized her in two words, a flower hidden in the solitude of deep woods, Margaret saw and appreciated from the first.

Of her own truthfulness to her friends, which led her frankly to speak to them of their faults or dangers, her correspondence gives constant examples.

Letter to J. F. C., 1843:—

"I have been happy in the sight of your pure design, of the sweetness and serenity of your mind. In the inner sanctuary we met. But I shall say a few blunt words, such as were frequent in the days of intimacy, and, if they are needless, you will let them fall to the ground. Youth is past, with its passionate joys and griefs, its restlessness, its vague desires. You have chosen your path, you have rounded out your lot, your duties are before you. *Now* beware the mediocrity that threatens middle age, its limitation of thought and interest, its dulness of fancy, its too external life and mental thinness. Remember the limitations that threaten every professional man, only to be guarded against by great earnestness and watchfulness. So take care of yourself and let not the intellect more than the spirit be quenched.

"It is such a relief to me to be able to speak to you upon a subject which I thought would never lie open between us. Now there will be no place which does not lie open to the light. I can always say what I feel. And the way in which you took it, so like yourself, so manly and noble, gives me the assurance that I shall have the happiness of seeing in you that symmetry, that conformity in the details of life with the highest aims of which I have sometimes despaired. How much higher, dear friend, is 'the mind, the

music breathing from the *life*,' than anything we can say! Character is higher than intellect; this I have long felt to be true; may we both live as if we knew it."

"I hope and believe we may be yet very much to each other. Imperfect as I am, I feel myself not unworthy to be a true friend. Neither of us is unworthy."

She never formed a friendship until she had seen and known this germ of good, and afterwards, judged conduct by this. To this germ of good, to this highest law of each individual, she held them true. But never did she act like those who so often judge of their friend from some report of his conduct, as if they had never known him, and allow the inference from a single act to alter the opinion formed by an induction from years of intercourse. From all such weakness Margaret stood wholly free.

I have referred to the wide range of Margaret's friendships. Even at this period this variety was very apparent. She was the centre of a group very different from each other, and whose only affinity consisted in their all being polarized by the strong attraction of her mind,—all drawn toward herself. Some of her friends were young, gay, and beautiful; some old, sick, or studious. Some were children of the world, others pale scholars. Some were witty, others slightly dull. But all, in order to be Margaret's friends, must be capable of seeking something,—capable of some aspiration for the better. And how she did glorify life to all! all that was tame and common vanishing away in the picturesque light thrown over the most familiar things by her rapid fancy, her brilliant wit, her sharp insight, her creative imagination, by the inexhaustible resources of her knowledge and the copious rhetoric which found words and images always apt and always ready. Even then she displayed almost the same marvellous gift of conversation which afterwards dazzled all who knew her,—with more perhaps of freedom, since she floated on the flood of our warm sympathies. Those who know Margaret only by her published writings know her least; her notes and letters contain more of her mind; but it was only in conversation that she was perfectly free and at home.

Margaret's constancy in friendship caused her to demand it in others, and thus she was sometimes exacting. But the pure Truth of her character caused her to express all such feelings with that freedom and simplicity that they became only as slight clouds on a serene sky, giving it a tenderer beauty, and casting picturesque shades over the landscape below.—*James Freeman Clarke, "Biography of Margaret Fuller."*

BIBLE NOTES.

The writers suppose their readers to have a most thorough knowledge of the Old Testament. They quote it without naming it, knowing that the words of the oracle will be at once recognized and bowed to. Thus, "For he must reign till *He hath put all enemies under His feet*," says the Apostle (1 Cor. xv. 25); "The things which the Gentiles sacrifice, *they sacrifice to demons, not to gods*" (1 Cor. x. 20); "For *who hath known the mind of the Lord?*" (Rom. xi. 34); "For *all flesh is as grass*" (1 Pet. i. 24). In each of these cases the writer quotes the Old Testament without saying so.

The references to the prophecies of the Old Testament are not only to the sense, but usually to the exact words. Thus Jesus is called *The Christ* or *The Anointed*, because they applied to him the following words from Isaiah: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; because He hath *anointed* me to preach good tidings to the poor" (Luke iv. 18). So, when the Baptist says he is not the Christ, he is asked, "What then, art thou Elijah?" (John i. 21), referring to the words of Malachi: "Behold, I will send you Elijah, the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." The next question is "Art thou the Prophet?" referring to the words of Deuteronomy, "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet, from among thy brethren" (see Acts ii. 22 and vii. 37). But the Baptist, quoting Isaiah, says, "*I am the voice of one crying in the desert.*" When the Saviour says that "John was the lamp that burneth and shineth" (John v. 35), he probably refers to Isaiah lxii. 1: "I will not rest until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." The title given to Jesus as the Son of Man is probably taken from the prophet Ezekiel, who uses it throughout. After the time of Ezekiel it was stamped with still more importance in Daniel vii. 13: "Behold, one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven." . . . But the practice of referring to the words of the prophets has in one or two cases led the writers to overlook the sense. Thus, Matthew ii. 23: "He dwelt in a city, called Nazareth; so that it, might be fulfilled which was spoken through the prophets, He will be called a Nazarite." Here the writer of this chapter mistakes a Nazarite, or man under a vow, for a Nazarene, or native of Nazareth. He, perhaps,

refers to Isaiah xi. 1, where the expected Messiah is called a *Nazar* or *Branch.* The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews quotes from the Psalm, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him?"—as if the words *son of man* could there mean Jesus, or, indeed, any one man in particular. Sometimes the quotation is so short that it must be misunderstood by an unlearned reader. Thus John (xii. 40) quotes from Isaiah, "He hath blinded their eyes, and hardened their hearts." But those who remember the words in the Old Testament know that they are wholly different in meaning; namely, "This people hath blinded their own eyes, and hardened their own hearts." The quotations are usually taken from the Greek translation, called the Septuagint. When the writer to the Hebrews quotes a text, as if about the nature of angels, "Who maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire," his argument would have been spoiled if he had quoted from the Hebrew, "Who maketh the winds his messengers, and the lightnings His servants." When Paul says that the Law was 430 years after the Covenant (Gal. ii. 177), he is quoting from the Septuagint, which says that there were 430 years between Abraham and Moses (Ex. xii. 40); not from the Hebrew Bible, which says that there were 430 years between Joseph and Moses.

One Hebrew mode of expression is often a cause of ambiguity; namely, placing two clauses in a sentence as if they were parallel, whereas one is in reality dependent on the other. Thus: "Be angry and sin not" (Eph. iv. 26) means, If ye be angry, then sin not. Again, "I thank Thee, O Father, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes" (Matt. xi. 25) means, Because, whereas Thou hast hid these things, etc. Again, "But thanks be to God, that ye were the slaves of sin, but have obeyed from the heart" (Rom. vi. 17) means, That whereas ye were the slaves of sin, etc.

These few remarks are perhaps enough to show that after the difficulties of translation have been overcome there still remain a large number of words and sentences which ask for help from critical skill. They show that, though no learning is necessary when we read the New Testament for purposes of devotion and as a guide to our duties, yet that the unlearned will not do right to quote it in theological controversy without help from a commentator.—*From Samuel Sharpe's "Historic Notes" on the Books of the Old and New Testament.*

BEAUTY IN DRESS.

"There is a want of appropriateness in the costume of our American women, who display in the street promenade a style of dress and adornment originally intended for showy carriage drives in such great exhibition grounds as the Bois de Boulogne. The makers of Parisian fashions are not generally walkers. They do not, with all their extravagance, have the bad taste to trail yards of silk and velvet over the mud and dirt of a pavement or promenade the street in a costume so pronounced and striking as to draw the involuntary glance of every eye; and the showy toilets displayed on the *pavé* by American young women have more than once exposed them to misconstruction in the eyes of foreign observers.

"There have been times in France when the study of color produced artistic effects in costume worthy of attention, and resulted in styles of dress of real beauty. But the present corrupted state of morals there has introduced a corrupt taste in dress, and it is worthy of thought that the decline of moral purity in society is often marked by the deterioration of the sense of artistic beauty. Corrupt and dissipated social epochs produce corrupt styles of architecture and corrupt styles of drawing and painting, as might easily be illustrated by the history of art. When the leaders of society have blunted their finer perceptions by dissipation and immorality, they are incapable of feeling the beauties which come from delicate concords and truly artistic combinations. They verge towards barbarism, and require things that are strange, odd, dazzling, and peculiar, to captivate their jaded senses. Such we take to be the condition of Parisian society now. The tone of it is given by women who are essentially impudent and vulgar, who override and overrule, by the mere brute force of opulence and luxury, women of finer natures and moral tone. Hence comes a style of dress which is in itself vulgar, ostentatious, pretentious, without simplicity, without unity, seeking to dazzle by strange combinations and daring contrasts.

"Now, when the fashions emanating from such a state of society come to our country, where it has been too much the habit to put on and wear, without dispute and without inquiry, any or everything that France sends, the results produced are often things to make one wonder. A respectable man, sitting quietly in church or other public assembly, may be pardoned sometimes for indulging a silent sense of the ridiculous in

the contemplation of the forest of bonnets which surround him, as he humbly asks himself the question, Were these meant to cover the head, to defend it, or to ornament it? and, if they are intended for any of these purposes, how?

"I confess to me nothing is so surprising as the sort of things which well-bred women serenely wear on their heads with the idea that they are ornaments. On my right sits a good-looking girl with a thing on her head which seems to consist mostly of bunches of grass, straws, with a confusion of lace, in which sits a draggled bird, looking as if the cat had had him before the lady. In front of her sits another, who has a glittering confusion of beads swinging hither and thither from a jaunty structure of black and red velvet. An anxious-looking matron appears under the high eaves of a bonnet with a gigantic crimson rose crushed down into a mass of tangled hair. She is *ornamented!* She has no doubt about that.

"The fact is, that a style of dress which allows the use of everything in heaven above or earth beneath requires more taste and skill in disposition than falls to the lot of most of the female sex to make it even tolerable. In consequence, the flowers, fruits, grass, hay, straw, oats, butterflies, beads, birds, tinsel, streamers, jinglers, lace, bugles, crape, which seem to be appointed to form a covering for the female head very often appear in combinations so singular, and the results, taken in connection with all the rest of the costume, are such that we really think the people who usually assemble in a Quaker meeting-house are, with their entire absence of ornament, more becomingly attired than the majority of our public audiences. For, if one considers his own impression after having seen an assemblage of women dressed in Quaker costume, he will find it to be, not of a confusion of twinkling finery, but of many fair, sweet faces, of charming, nice-looking women, and not of articles of dress. Now this shows that the severe dress, after all, has better answered the true purpose of dress, in setting forth the *woman*, than our modern costume, where the woman is but one item in a flying mass of colors and forms, all of which distract attention from the faces they are supposed to adorn. The dress of the Philadelphian ladies has always been celebrated for its elegance of effect, from the fact, probably, that the early Quaker parentage of the city formed the eye and the taste of its women for uniform and simple styles of color, and for purity and chastity of lines. The most perfect toilets that have ever been achieved in America have probably been those of the class familiarly called the gay Quakers,—children of Quaker families, who, while abandoning the strict rules of the sect, yet retain their modest and severe reticence, relying on richness of material and soft, harmonious coloring rather than striking and dazzling ornament.

"The next source of beauty in dress is the impression of truthfulness and reality. It is a well-known principle of the fine arts, in all their branches, that all shams and mere pretences are to be rejected,—a truth which Ruskin has shown with the full lustre of his many-colored prose-poetry. As stucco pretending to be marble, and graining pretending to be wood, are in false taste in building, so false jewelry and cheap fineries of every kind are in bad taste; so also is powder instead of natural complexion, false hair instead of real, and flesh-painting of every description. I have even the hardihood to think and assert, in the presence of a generation, that the simple, short-cropped locks of Rosa Bonheur are in a more beautiful style of hair-dressing than the most elaborate edifice that is erected on any fair head nowadays."

"Oh, Mr. Crowfield! you hit us all now," cried several voices.

"I know it, girls,—I know it. I admit that you are all looking very pretty; but I do maintain that you are none of you doing yourselves justice, and that Nature, if you would only follow her, would do better for you than all these elaborations. A short crop of your own hair, that you could brush out in ten minutes every morning, would have a more real, healthy beauty than the elaborate structures which cost you hours of time, and give you the headache besides. I speak of the short crop,—to put the case at the very lowest figure,—for many of you have lovely hair of different lengths and susceptible of a variety of arrangements, if you did not suppose yourself obliged to build after a foreign pattern instead of following out the intentions of the great Artist who made you.

"Is it necessary absolutely that every woman and girl should look exactly like every other one? There are women whom Nature makes with wavy or curly hair. Let them follow her. There are those whom she makes with soft and smooth locks, and with whom crinkling and creping is only a sham. They look very pretty with it, to be sure; but, after all, is there but one style of beauty, and might they not look prettier in cultivating the style which nature seemed to have intended for them?

"As to the floods of false jewelry, glass

beads, and tinsel finery which seem to be sweeping over the toilet of our women, I must protest that they are vulgarizing the taste, and having a seriously bad effect on the delicacy of artistic perception. It is almost impossible to manage such material and give any kind of idea of neatness or purity, for the least wear takes away their newness. And, of all disreputable things, tumbled, rumpled, and tousled finery is the most disreputable. A simple white muslin, that can come from the laundry every week, is, in point of real taste, worth any amount of spangled tissues. A plain straw bonnet, with only a ribbon across it, is in reality in better taste than rubbishy birds or butterflies or tinsel ornaments.

"Finally, girls, don't dress at haphazard; for dress, so far from being a matter of small consequence, is in reality one of the fine arts, —so far from trivial that each country ought to have a style of its own, and each individual such a liberty of modification of the general fashion as suits and befits her person, her age, her position in life, and the kind of character she wishes to maintain."—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

CATS AND BIRDS.

The protection of birds is urged as one reason why cats should be licensed and their ranks greatly depleted, but I maintain that women are more responsible for the loss of birds than the cats are. When women give up entirely the barbarous ornamentation of feathers, and when they refuse to allow their boys air-guns and shotguns, and teach them that it is a crime to shoot a bird, we shall see our birds again multiplying and doing their beneficent work, giving us the joy of their happy songs and ridding our woods and gardens of harmful insects.

I wish that every member of the Animal Rescue League would refuse to wear even a quill in her hat, no matter how persuasive the milliner may be, and deny resolutely to her boys a gun of any sort, even an air-gun or a sling-shot. Let us pull the beam out of our own eye before we try to extricate the mote from the cat's eye, and, to return to the cats, let us remember that, unless we can be sure that the work of collecting unlicensed dogs or cats will always be in the charge of a humane society, which it certainly should be, there is not only danger, but certainty, of there being much cruelty connected with it.—*Anna Harris Smith, president of the Animal Rescue League.*

A CAT'S TALE.

Now, in my Mistress's lap I lay,
A happy ball of purr,
When in there came a haughty dame,—
I loathed the look of her.

She stood and said, "I hate all cats!"
(Those were her very words.)
"I'd rather live with mice and rats,
Than lose our singing birds.

"All cats are cruel to the core;
They do not need to be
By hunger stirred to kill a bird,
They do it wantonly.

"I really can't endure a cat!"
Just then I made a spring,
And landed on that lady's hat,
And seized a flaming wing.

I tore the stuffed bird from her head,
(You should have heard her roar!)
I growled and spit, and clawed and bit,
And strewed it on the floor.

My mistress cried, "Oh, what a shame!"
But winked one eye at me,
And said unto the angry dame,—
"You *do love birds, I see!*"

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in February Lippincott's.*

A "MAD DOG."

One day this month the League was called by telephone and given a message to send immediately to a wholesale business house where there was a dog that had "gone mad." Our agent hurried to the house and found that the dog was shut up in a room by himself and no one dared go near him. The agent entered the room, found a small Boston terrier getting over a fit, and carried him to the League. Before the day was over the little dog was frolicking happily around, and after a reasonable time, as he was not reclaimed, he was taken by some one who was going to give him a good home in the country.

It is so common a thing, now that the rabies scare has so weakened the minds of the public, to think that every dog who has a fit is suffering with that rarest of all dog diseases, rabies, that a teething puppy or a dog with colic or indigestion stands a very small chance of his life and is fortunate if he isn't cruelly beaten, stoned, or chased to death. It reminds one of the days of witchcraft—this hold that the fear of rabies has taken upon the public. Such epidemics of fear and dread are hard to resist. No doubt there is such a disease as rabies, but equally

there is no doubt that hundreds of dogs have been pronounced "mad" who were no more "mad" than the little Boston terrier we have just rescued and placed in a good home.—*Our Fourfooted Friends.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

CHANGED INITIALS.

Example: Change a fabric of fine thread to a contest in running.

Answer: L—ace; R—ace.

1. Change a public building to a short call.
2. Change a club to a covering for the head.
3. Change metal in its mineral state to anger.
4. Change an adjective to an animal.
5. Change a slab of marble for flooring to a heap.
6. Change in time past to a Latin pronoun.
7. Change an obstruction to a contest between nations.
8. Change peculiar to increase.

When the changes have been rightly made and the words written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a battle fought in July.

II.

A METAGRAM.

1. I am a word of four letters meaning costly: change the first letter, and the following words will appear.
2. A kind of fruit.
3. Back or hindmost part.
4. Closely related.
5. A cogwheel in machinery.
6. Anxiety.

III.

INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE.

In the ten sentences below appear as many words (one word in each sentence) which, if found and written one below the other, their initials will spell the name of a famous poet born in August.

1. They joined the army after a long march.
2. The oar broke in the middle of the race.
3. Henry went to New York yesterday.
4. The robin's nest is in the large oak.
5. General Davis had command at the fort.
6. The race was very close.
7. The yard was full of rubbish.
8. The day was full of surprises for Alice.
9. Each soldier had his own tent.
10. The meeting was very noisy.

IV.

HALF SQUARE.

1. The God of Love.
2. A single thing.
3. An article of food.
4. A pronoun.
5. A consonant.

Answers to Puzzles in the June Number.

I. NOVEL PUZZLE.—1. Jay—nay. 2. Omit—emit. 3. Sage—rage. 4. Eat—rat. 5. Punt—aunt. 6. Hail—wail. Joseph Warren.

II. ENIGMA.—I would rather be right than be President.

III. ADDITIONS.—1. Old—mold. 2. End—vend. 3. Up—cup. 4. Ike—dike. 5. Ore—lore.

IV. RHOMBOID.—D
A R T
T E A M
D R A W
E D E N

A "MAD DOG'S" FATE.

What words are strong enough to denounce such an outrage as was reported to have taken place recently in a Pennsylvania town. A large dog, apparently frothing at the mouth, was seen on one of the main streets. The cry of "mad dog" was raised, and at once a howling mob started after the frightened animal.

After being chased for two miles and showered with sticks and stones, the frantic dog sought refuge under a porch. By prodding him with poles his tormentors finally captured him more dead than alive. It was then discovered that the supposed mad dog was an innocent, harmless brute that had been lathered about the mouth with soapsuds. Such a contemptible act of cruelty deserves the severest punishment if it be not, indeed, the work of a demented person.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

THE PROTECTION OF OUR NATIVE PLANTS.

To the student of physiographic botany a new earth is revealed. From the flora of a region he reads the past and prophesies the future. Because the problem is so mighty, reaching backward into the dim past and forward into an unknown future, it is with a spirit of reverence and humility that he goes about his work. He treads softly lest he step upon some fragile flower: he stops to replace the vine whose tendrils caught his sleeve. This is nature's own laboratory, and he looks upon the results of the long, long experiments with wonder and veneration. To break a branch or pull a flower or crush a seedling would be sacrilege.

It is in the cultivation of a spirit like this that the beautiful places of earth will be preserved. We must begin with the children. Here is the opportunity of the teacher of nature-study. The new hunting with the camera in place of the gun is already gaining ground: the new herbarium composed of mental pictures should find its way into our schools.

The child who can close his eyes and describe accurately and vividly a plant and its surroundings is started in the right direction. Last May the children of the first primary grade of a school in Chicago were taken thirty miles to see the flowers on the flood-plain of the Des Plaines River. They had, in a measure, been prepared for this during the winter. It had been a favorite exercise for their nature-teacher to say: "Now we will all close our eyes. I see an elm leaf: can you see it?"

For a moment there would be silence, then a chorus of "I can see it!" "I can see it!" "Mine's notched," "Mine's notched twice," "Mine's one-sided," "Mine is, too." . . .

There was quite a stock of leaves of various kinds, and even whole trees that could be seen with the eyes closed, but only teacher could see hepaticas and spring beauties and bloodroots.

So it was a great and momentous day when we set out for River Forest. All had agreed to gather no flowers where it would spoil a picture, and, because the teacher knew where the most beautiful pictures were, all were to keep close to her. The first picture was a colony of several families of hepaticas on the side of the terrace leading down into the basin. We noted the open blossoms, the nodding buds, the soft, furry covering of the buds and young leaves, and the rich red-purple tones of the old ones. We looked and looked and closed our eyes and looked again. Then we went on to the great host of spring beautie camping on the plain. Later we tarried by a mass of purple phlox at the foot of a linden-tree. The morning's work consisted in fixing these three pictures and a fourth, which was the landscape, the general setting for them all, the old flood-plain with its magnificent elms and white maples then in blossom, the broad blue river on one side, the terrace on the other, and the sunshine over all.

Each then selected a *single flower* to take home as a souvenir, and we hurried to the train. The children were perfectly satisfied with their one blossom, the beautiful scene was left unmarred, and to this day those little folk can close their eyes and see their four River Forest pictures. Had they gathered the flowers, their interest would have centred on that, the picture remaining would have been confused, and the final memory that of the faded flowers in their little hot hands. But the flowers that they really brought home are—dare we say?—immortal.

In contrast with this let us for a moment consider the cruel waste that is going on among the mountain flowers in the region of Colorado Springs. On certain days in the week special trains run "flower trips," which are largely patronized by tourists. They recklessly pull up and tear up the flowers, and return with great armfuls and basketfuls, and in their ungoverned enthusiasm they often deck the cars and festoon the engine with them.

Beautiful places like these that are accessible to a great city should in some way be preserved. They might well become a part of the great park system that in some States has become an important factor. Unfortunately, in many of these reservations no restrictions have been placed on the gathering of herbaceous plants, more than that the roots are not to be disturbed. The trees and shrubs are protected, and woe to him who breaks a twig! But he who plucks the last pink lady's-slipper, perchance the last of a thousand generations, goes unchided. This is a sad mistake, for *ten thousand may look at a lady's slipper, but only one can pluck it.*—*Extracts from an essay written by Miss Mary Perle Anderson.*

HYDROPHOBIA.

Mr. Angell says (in answer to reporter's questions):—

"I have read a vast deal of evidence referring to the existence of hydrophobia. Dr. Charles W. Dulles, lecturer on the history of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, has been repeatedly appointed by the medi-

cal society of that State to investigate the subject. For twenty-five years he has been gathering data upon it from every part of the world and has made a practice of corresponding with every physician reported to have a case of hydrophobia. He finds the evidence of its existence so feeble as to make it doubtful as to whether it is anything more serious than a disease of the imagination.

NEVER SAW A CASE.

"The oldest physician in South Boston, Dr. William H. Ruddick, said the other day that he had never seen a case in his life, and that he had never personally known any other physician who had ever seen a case. I have enough similar evidence in my possession to fill your paper.

"Dr. Matthew Woods, of Philadelphia, has been investigating hydrophobia for twenty years, and he offers to pay $100 to any person who will bring him an undoubted case. His reward is still unclaimed. The oldest hospital in the country, the Pennsylvania, has had but one supposed case in all its existence, and that was found to have been diagnosed incorrectly.

"It seems surprising that in the great public pounds, where tens of thousands of stray dogs are gathered, none of the attendants have ever had hydrophobia, out of thousands of bite wounds. Following the announcement of Pasteur's theory of the disease and its cure, I have been told that hydrophobia increased wonderfully in France; but across the German border, where Pasteur was not taken seriously, hydrophobia is practically unknown.

"It seems singular that mad dogs confine their operations to the State of Massachusetts and are rarely heard from in other adjacent States. The dogs must know where the State lines are.

"I decline to say that there is no such thing as hydrophobia. I can only state that I have accumulated a vast deal of evidence bearing on the subject, and do not feel competent to decide a point on which the doctors so widely differ.

"I do know that there is an enormous power in the imagination, which sometimes cures people, and, I have no doubt, sometimes kills them."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

FACTS ABOUT ANIMALS.

It has been found that dogs can be trained to be of great help on the battlefield when wounded soldiers are lying about and are often overlooked by the busy ambulance nurses. The dogs can be trained to search well until every suffering soldier has been found and cared for. On one occasion these clever dog scouts found twenty-three soldiers who had been given up for lost.

BIRDS OBJECTED TO GAY HAT.

While walking in the suburban districts recently with a friend, Miss Nettie Williams, of Pittsburg, was the object of an unusual attack. She wore a hat with a bird of brilliant plumage as an ornament. Suddenly her head became encircled by half a dozen blackbirds, which pecked at the bird in her hat, tearing out the bright-colored feathers with their beaks.

The blackbirds even flew in her face and lacerated the skin with their bills. Tearing the hat from her head, Miss Williams threw it on the ground. Her escort was obliged to use his coat to beat the birds off.—*Altoona correspondence, Philadelphia Record.*

THE CHILDREN'S TABLE MANNERS.

[*From the Woman's Home Companion.*]

After a long illness in the hospital I returned home to find that my children's table manners had suffered a complete demoralization. They "gobbled," used knife and fork indiscriminately and always awkwardly, regarded their spoons as shovels, and, in short, were perfect little savages. In order to remedy this quickly I started a series of "company luncheons," at which I was the hostess and the children the guests. I set the table as prettily as possible, and made funny little place cards. The children played up delightedly, took grown-up names, and even washed their hands without a murmur. We made a set of simple rules: The guests who behaved perfectly received three pieces of candy, the guests who made only one mistake received one piece of candy, while any unfortunate guest who committed three breaches of table etiquette received no candy at all. Questions on table manners were in order at any time, to be answered by the hostess. I chose dishes for these luncheons which are not always easy to eat elegantly, and I was very happy to see how quickly the children improved in table manners, and other manners as well, for our "company luncheons" seemed to help general courtesy quite wonderfully. The best of it was that there was no nagging nor cross words. It was all good fun, and my four youngsters can now go anywhere and eat anything, and mother has the proud consciousness that they will always appear to good advantage.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club Secretary.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

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Headquarters of the Cheerful Letter Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

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Chairman, Miss Helen L. Bayley, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

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